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THE WEDDING RING.

A COMIC OPERA,

performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

LONDON;
Printed for T. Becket, in the Strand.
MDCC LXXIII. Price 1s.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

MEN.

PANDOLFO,	Mr. BANNISTER,
HENRICO,	Mr. DAVIES.
ZERBINO,	Mr. VERNON.

WOMEN.

FELICIA,	Mrs. SMITH,
LISSETTA,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

PANDOLFO,	Mr. DANIELTER.
HENRICO,	Mr. DAVIES.
ZERBINO,	Mr. VERNON.

W O M E N.

FELICIA,	Mrs. SMITH,
LISSETTA,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

To the PUBLICK.

THE reader will pereeive at firſt ſight that the hint of this piece is borrowed from an Italian Opera, entitled, *Il Filoſofo di Campagna*. There is alſo a circumſtance from Moliere, which, except about twenty lines taken from different publications, and thrown occaſionally into the ſongs, are the only paſſages in it that have ever appeared either on the ſtage, or in print.

Indeed conſcious of my own inability, I ſhould have collected all the materials, had it been practicable; but attempting this without ſucceſs, and being unwilling to throw away a ſubject than which 'tis hardly poſſible to conceive any thing more operatical, I determined to make a tryal of what I could do to it myſelf, and this in no reſpect with a view of ſetting myſelf up for an author, but merely from a deſire of aſſiſting my reputation as a muſician.

And now I ſhould very little deſerve the pains

pains they have taken for me, if I did not in the warmeſt manner acknowledge my obligations to the performers, to whoſe merit I am convinced I owe a conſiderable ſhare of that applauſe the WEDDING RING has been favoured with.

I have little more to ſay concerning the piece. The dialogue is given for nothing more than ſuch as would immediately ariſe from the ſituations; and if the ſongs are found to be irregular, I would beg leave to remark, that they were written ſo (the comic ones eſpecially) on purpoſe, it being very often neceſſary, that the meaſure ſhould halt in order to give a novelty to the expreſſion of the muſick. And having ſaid thus much, ſuch as it is, I take the liberty of ſubmitting this trifle to the public; to that public to whom I have ſuch infinite obligations, whoſe humanity and generoſity I have ſo lately experienced, and to whoſe amuſement it will always be my greateſt pride, that I have the honour of endeavouring to contribute.

C. Dibdin.

February 8, 1773.

THE

THE WEDDING RING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Library, with doors opening into other apartments. —*A table, with writings*; Pandolfo *reading a will, and afterwards* Liſietta *enters with chocolate.*

PANDOLFO.

" I Give and bequeath to Zerbino my ſon,
" My eſtates, and effects, one and all, when I'm gone;
" And firſt, the eſtates, that were mortgag'd to me,
" By a card'nal, a monk, a count, and grandee,
" Worth in all, fifty thouſand piaſtres, or more,
" And for which I advanc'd ſomething leſs than a ſcore;
" Next, ſold e're poſſeſs'd, the eſtates of an heir,
" Conſiſting of houſes in charming repair;
" Which were left him long ſince by an over-fond grannum;
" And are worth, at the leaſt, a thouſand per annum."
Good fortunes, I'faith! next come watches, and rings,
Aigrettes---ſolitaires---by no means bad things,
Of which, ſome were pawn'd, ſome detain'd, and ſome plunder'd;
From widows, and heirs, little ſhort of a hundred;
Theſe, and all his poſſeſſions, without one omiſſion,
Are giv'n to this Spark, on the following condition;
" In hopes, that my ſon will to virtue incline;
" And lead a life careful and honeſt, like mine;
" Abſtaining from uſury, avarice, and fraud;
" In ſhort, treading juſt in the path that I trod;
I ſay, in the hope, that of this he'll take care;
I conſtitute, will, and appoint, him my heir."

All theſe poſſeſſions has old Zerbino left his ſon, who I intend ſhall marry my daughter. Let me ſee now what the whole will amount to—fifty thouſand piaſtres—a thouſand a year—watches—rings—aigrettes—ſolitaires—no leſs, I warrant, than to the value of——

Liſ. Sir, here's your chocolate, and Sig. Zerbino has ſent——

Pan. He has been a near miſerable fellow.

Liſ. Sig. Zerbino, Sir?

Pan. A very ſad fellow.

Liſ. Well, this is the firſt word upon that ſubject I ever heard out of your mouth.

Pan. But, however, that's nothing to the preſent buſineſs, his ſon may make a good huſband notwithſtanding.

Liſ. Oh, I begin to conceive you. Sir, will you hear me?

Pan. It ſhall be concluded directly. *(Takes a pinch of ſnuff.)*

Liſ. (Removing the ſnuff-box, and putting the chocolate in the place of it) I'll try to make you feel, if I can't make you hear.

Pan. I don't think ſhe could poſſibly have done better. *(Going to take another pinch of ſnuff, he dips his finger and thumb into the chocolate.)* What the devil's that?

Liſ. Only a little innocent method I took to make you underſtand I was here, Sir.

Pan. You impudent jade, how dare you ſerve me ſuch a trick?

Liſ.

Lif. Why, Sir, I have been bawling this half hour to you, but you was ſo wrapt up in your deeds and ſettlements, and ſtuff, that I might have ſtood here till to-morrow morning, if I had not taken the way I did.

Pan. So you have been overhearing what I read.

Lif. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no ſecret; we all know well enough that you want to marry my young lady to a ſpark with more money than underſtanding, and I ſuppoſe you was contriving now to load her with riches, in return for the happineſs you intend to deprive her of.

Pan. Did ever any body hear ſuch inſolence?

Lif. Lord, Sir, what inſolence; 'tis no more than what every body ſays, and 'tis a great ſhame, eſpecially when there are ſo many reaſons to prevent it.

Pan. What's that? Do you know any thing that will prevent it?

Lif. O yes to be ſure; you go the way to make me tell you any thing.

Pan. Go, you fool! what could you tell me?

Lif. Why I would not tell you any thing if it was ever ſo much in my power; but I'll tell you what, I'll keep every thing from you that I can.

Pan. I wonder what poſſeſſes me that I bear all this. Hear me, Mrs. Impudence, ſend your miſtreſs to me, and let me have no more of this behaviour, if you expect to ſtay in my family.

Lif. Very well, Sir, you may do as you pleaſe; you are not content I find with preventing my young lady's happineſs, but you want to rob her of the only friend ſhe has in the world.

Pan. Why don't you do what I order you?

Liſ. I am going, Sir.

Pan. And yet now if you knew any thing that—

Liſ. Don't aſk me, for I won't tell you a word about it.

I'm not ſuch a fool, when I'm ſnub'd at this rate,
Of matters, with which I'm entruſted, to prate;
The ſecrets I'm told,
Are as ſafe as old gold;
And however ſome folks it may teaze,
My mind is my own,
And I ſhall as I pleaſe;
Though you threat me,
And beat me,
And like a ſlave, treat me,
Conceal it, or let it alone.

To be ſure, 'tis no bus'neſs of mine;
But put any one elſe in my ſtead;
Let them ſerve a good humour'd young lady,
With gifts and promiſes ready;
Who begs of her lover
No word may be ſaid;
And then, let her father
Come threat'ning, which rather
Would fright one, than make one diſcover;
I ſay, in this caſe,
Let who will, take my place,
And ſee to which ſide they'd incline.

SCENE II.

PANDOLFO, FELICIA, LISSETTA.

Pan. I would fain perſuade myſelf, that all the chattering of this wench, is no more than the common cant of creatures in her ſituation; and yet Felicia's diſingenuous behaviour has half convinc'd me, that there's a lover in the caſe. When ſhe comes I ſhall be better able to judge, and in the mean time I'll go and ſend an invitation to Zerbino.

FELICIA.

I ſaw, what ſeem'd a harmleſs child,
With wings, and bow,
And aſpect mild;
Who ſob'd, and ſigh'd, and pin'd,
And beg'd I would ſome boon beſtow,
On a poor little boy, ſtone blind.

Not aware of the danger, too ſoon I comply'd,
For exulting he cry'd,
And drew from his quiver a dart;
My pow'r you ſhall know,
Then levell'd his bow,
And wounded me---right in the heart.

I underſtood, Sir, you deſired to ſee me, but I find you are buſy.

Pan. Only labouring for thee, Felicia. I am contriving the ſecureſt method of adding the vaſt poſſeſſions of Sig. Zerbino to the eſtate of our family.

Fel.

Fel. But why ſhould you do that, Sir? have not we fortune ſufficient already?

Pan. To be ſure fifteen thouſand crowns a year, well paid, is no contemptible thing; but, as I told you, I am deſiring this for you.

Fel. I can't ſee how I am concern'd in it, Sir.

Pan. Why thus: Zerbino's father was my particular friend; and I can't bear to think that all his vaſt wealth ſhould be laviſh'd away in equipages, courtezans, and ſuch ſort of expences; ſo out of friendſhip to the young man, and with a view to your intereſt at the ſame time, I intend to make him my ſon-in-law.

Liſ. There, Madam, you'll believe me another time.

Pan. He is this morning arrived from Florence, where he has been to take poſſeſſion of a large eſtate, and I have ſent to invite him here.

Liſ. Oh, Sir, you might have ſav'd yourſelf that trouble, for he has ſent to invite himſelf.

Pan. Then I'll go and haſten him. I dare ſwear you'll be glad to ſee him.

Liſ. How little you know of the matter!

Pan. What's that you ſay?

Liſ. I, Sir! nothing, I did not ſpeak a word.

Fel. Heavens! what ſhall I do? *(ſighing.)*

Pan. What do you ſigh for?

Fel. I did not ſigh, Sir.

Liſ. Law, Ma'am, how can you ſay ſo? ſhe did ſigh, Sir; and I've a great mind to tell you what it was for.

Fel. Hold your tongue, Liſſetta, for ſhame!

Liſ. Why, Ma'am, you know very well what I ſay is truth; you do ſigh for ſomething, and I ſhould ſigh too, if I was in your place.

Pan. Why I muſt confeſs, Felicia, to be ingenuous,

genuous, you don't ſeem to enter cordially into this propoſal of mine.

Fel. Sir, if in compliance with any requeſt of your's, I was ſure to be miſerable, I don't remember to have given the leaſt room for a ſuſpicion that I ſhould refuſe it.

Lif. Lord, Ma'am! how can you, begging your pardon, be ſo fooliſh? I would not make myſelf miſerable to oblige all the fathers in the world.

Pan. Will you hold your tongue? 'tis you that have ſpoilt her.

Lif. I ſpoil her! I am ſure I am always giving her good advice.

Fel. I beg, Liſſetta, you'll not treat my father in this familiar manner.

Pan. Come, come, I'll cut the matter very ſhort; you'll have a viſit from Zerbino within this half hour, and you may gueſs what ſort of behaviour I expect from you to the man I intend for your huſband.

When we come to the age of threeſcore,
By our maxims in vain we ſet ſtore;
A girl in her teens,
Will find out the means
To fret us, and plague us, and teaze out our hearts;
Till our giant wit,
Is fort'd to ſubmit,
To her puny arts.

Like bells that eternally jangle,
You may ſcold, you may fight, you may wrangle;
If they're ſet on't, you'll ſee
They maſters will be;
Nay, though you ſecure them as ſafe as your pelf,
They'll lead you the life of the devil himſelf.

SCENE III.

FELICIA, LISSETTA, *and afterwards* HENRICO.

Fel. Was ever poor creature thus harrefs'd and tormented!

Liſ. You are tormented enough that's certain, and ſtand in great need of advice.

Fel. 'Tis too true, and I have no friend in the world to give it me.

Liſ. No, Ma'am! to be ſure 'tis not much in my power to be your friend; but if Sig. Henrico was to hear you, what would he ſay?

Fel. Why will you be always talking to me of him?

Liſ. Becauſe, Ma'am, I love to pleaſe you.

Fel. Heigh ho!

Liſ. I ſay, Ma'am, don't you think he'd be able to give you advice?

Fel. What advice would he give me, while my father remains ſo inflexible? or if he could, how can I ſee him?

Liſ. Should you like to ſee him? and would you not be angry if I was to bring it about?

Fel. Dear girl, don't trifle with me!

Liſ. Why then, jeſting apart, you may ſee him now if you chooſe it.

Fel. How, Liſſetta.

Liſ. By opening that door. Before your father came in here, I took an opportunity unobſerved of poping your lover into that cloſet.

Fel.

Fel. Without my leave! what muſt he think of me.

Liſ. Bleſs me, Madam! is this a time to ſtand upon ceremony? you know your opportunities are few enough, therefore don't loſe this.

Fel. Well, but Liſſetta:

Liſ. Oh madam! indeed I muſt call him out—Sir—Sir—Sig. Henrico.

Hen. Is the coaſt clear?

Liſ. Yes, yes, you may venture.

Fel. Indeed, Liſſetta, I ſhan't eaſily forgive this.

Hen. Let me intreat you, Felicia, to forgive her, if there is any indiſcretion, I am the cauſe of it; and believe me I would not have taken this method of ſeeing you; ſo well I know your delicacy, if I had not been forced to it by the laſt neceſſity.

Fel. It would be ridiculous, Henrico, to deny that I am pleaſed with your attention to me; but what can it avail? my father is obſtinately bent on this hateful marriage——

Hen. Shall I tamely ſtand by, in the moment you are ſo kind to confeſs a partiality for me, and ſee you ſacrificed in ſo cruel a manner?

Fel. What would you do?

Hen. Boldly demand you of your father; my fortune is not deſpicable; my family unexceptionable; and why ſhould not I ſtand a chance of ſupplanting this Zerbino.

Fel. 'Tis impoſſible; my father would never conſent to it.

Hen. Have I your leave to try?

Fel. Upon condition you'll leave me now, I give it you; for I am frighten'd out of my ſenſes leſt my father ſhould return.

Liſ. Come, Sir, I think my lady has conſented

to a good deal; if we don't take care to be prudent every thing will be ſpoil'd, you had better, therefore, let me conduct you out; but above all things remember the inſtructions I gave you this morning.

Hen. Muſt I then leave you Felicia?

Fel. You ſee 'tis abſolutely neceſſary.

Hen. In the afternoon I'll ſee your father, till when I ſhall be all anxiety and inquietude.

The trav'lers, that through deſarts ride,
By conduct of ſome friendly ſtar;
When clouds obſcure their truſty guide,
Out of their courſe muſt wander far.

So I, with penſive care and pain,
In abſence ſtill muſt ſtray;
'Till you, *my* ſtar, ſhine out again,
And light me on my way.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

FELICIA.

I am terrified to death at my ſituation; I have not the courage to refuſe my father, and yet find it impoſſible to comply with his cruel requeſt. Why indeed ſhould I comply with it? Is there the leaſt proſpect of happineſs for me if I do; and does not reaſon, every thing forbid my being compell'd to give my hand to a man I cannot love. But then is not this the requeſt of a tender and indulgent father, who has always made my happineſs his conſtant ſtudy; and even now wiſhes this union from no one motive, but to ſee me plac'd in a ſtill ſuperior ſituation? alas, how weak and vain! as if felicity was the ceriain conſequence of ſplendour; and that all the pleaſures and enjoyments of life follow'd in the train of the great. For my part, I muſt have a new mind before I can entertain ſuch ſentiments; and cou'd wiſh to be left to the peaceable enjoyment of content, though I ſhou'd be oblig'd to ſeek for it in a cottage.

Happy the nymph who ne'er can know
Diſtractions which from riches grow,
Remov'd at diſtance from the great,
Who willing lives in low eſtate.

One fountain is her mirrour, and her drink,
And if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not---of joy ſecure,
Bleſt in the little heav'n has ſent,
Her only pride is that ſhe's poor;
Poor but content.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ZERBINO *and* LISSETTA.

Liſ. (*Speaking as ſhe comes on*) Oh, 'tis impoſſible for any thing to be better contrived.—Let me ſee how I go on---Henrico is guarded againſt all that can happen; I have told him that when he comes in the afternoon he muſt expect to be ſnub'd by us all; nothing now remains but to get rid of this Zerbino, and inſtruct my miſtreſs in her part. She is gone into her dreſſing-room I ſee---how lucky---by that means, when this creature comes, he'll be left to my management, and if I don't give a good account of him I'll be content to be thought the arranteſt novice in love-affairs that ever liv'd.

Ser. Sig. Zerbino is come to wait on my young lady.

Liſ. Oh, very well, my lady deſires you'll ſhew him in here. I'll ſend him packing I'll warrant him.

Zer. Bleſs me! what makes me tremble ſo?

Liſ. He's frighten'd out of his wits.

Zer. What ails me?

Liſ. When does he intend to ſpeak, I wonder?

Zer. I don't know what to ſay to her; I wiſh ſhe'd ſpeak firſt.

Liſ. I ſee if I don't break the ice, we ſhall wait till the old gentleman returns, and then all would be ſpoilt.----Your ſervant, Signor Zerbino.

Zer. Ma'am your moſt humble ſervant.—Pray Ma'am are you Signora Filicia?

Liſ. I hope, Sir, there's nothing in my appearance

ſhould

ſhould make you ſuſpect I am not the miſtreſs of the houſe!

Zer. Oh no! not the leaſt in the world.----She has a fine ſpirit, I can ſee that already.

Liſ. Pray Sir, where did you leave my father?

Zer. He's only juſt ſtept to the notary about the writings; he'll be here preſently.

Liſ. Will he,----then I muſt make good uſe of my time. What writings, pray Sir?

Zer. Why, don't you know what I am come about.

Liſ. Yes, yes it has been ſufficiently din'd in my ears, I have been teaz'd and worried to death with it.

Zer. By your father I ſuppoſe.

Liſ. But I have behav'd with a becoming ſpirit; does he imagine, that I'll ſuffer an obſtinate old fellow like him, to controul my inclinations as he thinks proper; no, no, moſt young ladies of faſhion, like me, take delight in tormenting their fathers, and I love to behave like other people.

Zer. Yes, ye told me you was always tormenting him.

Liſ. He did, and do you think, Zerbino, he goes the way to prevail on me? if it was not that there's ſomething genteel and winning in your carriage and behaviour, I declare, out of contradiction to him, I ſhould order a ſervant to turn you out of the houſe.

Zer. I am ſure, Ma'am, I am very much obliged to you.

Liſ. Sir, you are oblig'd to nothing but your own merit, that to be ſure has won upon me; but however, if it was poſſible for you to be twenty times more lovely and agreeable than you are----

Zer-

Zer. Lord you jeer me.

Liſ. Upon my word I am ſerious; I ſay, Sir, if ſuch a thing was poſſible, and I really believe it is not, it would not avail any thing with me, for I beg you to take notice, that I don't give you my conſent out of love, but pure obſtinacy.

Zer. Oh, then you do conſent.

Liſ. What have I in my flurry been guilty of! Oh, Zerbino! you'll deſpiſe me for yielding ſo eaſily; you ſhould not have been ſo ſolicitous.

Zer. How ſolicitous? why, I hardly ſaid any thing at all.

Liſ. No! did not you implore me to ſoften the rigour of your ſufferings, and with eyes all full of tenderneſs, beg me to have pity on you.

Zer. If I did, I don't remember it.

Liſ. Ah, this is always the caſe, the moment a man knows his power he abuſes it; however, Sir, I think, ſince I have been ſo condeſcending, you ought, at leaſt, to ſay ſomething handſome to me now on the ſubject.

Zer. Why, for that matter, I've a vaſt deal to ſay to you, but I dont know how it is, I've ſuch a prodigious pleaſure in your company, that whenever I go to ſpeak I can't get out a word for the life of me.

Liſ. There never was ſo pretty a thing ſaid in this world; entirely owing, I ſuppoſe, to your reſpect for me.

Zer. Oh, yes, all owing to my reſpect for you.

Liſ. Well, it is impoſſible for any thing to be more gallant.

Zer. I like her a great deal better than I thought I ſhould.

Liſ. But as you are ſuch a paſſionate and tender lover

lover, I dare ſay you have not neglected a moſt material thing in gallantry.

Zer. Lord, what's that?

Lif. To write ſome verſes on me.

Zer. Why, I could not myſelf, but I gave a famous poet a hundred piaſtres to do it for me, becauſe I'd have 'em done in the beſt manner; I have got 'em ſet to muſic too, and I'd ſing 'em in a great ſtile if you would not be affronted.

Lif. Oh, I'm enchanted, pray let me hear 'em. Now for ſomething fine and ridiculous.

ZERBINO.

The Grand Turk with his wives, and his mufties, and mutes,
In his ſhining alcoves, in his grottos, and ſhades,
May carouſe to the cymbals, or dance to the flutes,
Or ſleep to the muſic of falling caſcades;
Or mew up his concubines in his Seraglio,
Or, deck'd with a pompous regalia;
While to every ſubject his word is a law,
May direct the divan,
And keep all to a man,
From Vizier to ſlave, of the bow-ſtring in awe.
But I ev'n high'r,
Than this, would aſpire.
And of harſh ſounding cymbals, and delicate flutes,
Which pleaſe the Grand Turk, and his mufties, and mutes,
And grottos, and bow'rs, and caſcades, and alcoves,
With baths and perfumes, amber, caſſia and cloves,
And much more, having you, I've my choice;
All that's pleaſing to me,
In your perſon I ſee;
All that's muſical, hear in your voice;
And compar'd to your love, or your good opinion,
What's pow'r, or title, or wealth, or dominion.

Lif.

Lif. Sir, you give me very great proofs of your affection indeed, and if it was not for a certain delicacy and decorum which you muſt have remark'd in me, and which I always ſo ſtrictly preſerve, I don't know but I ſhould conſent to be married to-morrow morning.

Zer. Oh let us be married to-morrow morning by all means; ſee here I have brought *The* WEDDING RING on purpoſe, pray let me put it on your finger.

Lif. Really, Sir, you have ſuch inſinuating ways there's no refuſing you any thing; but, Sig. Zerbino, the grand point is, how are we to live after we are married?

Zer. Oh, we ſhan't diſagree about that, I warrant you, I ſhall be be the moſt loving creature in the world.

Lif. Then I'm afraid we ſhall diſagree; I ſhall expect a great deal of indulgence.

Zer. Lord, you ſhall do whatever you pleaſe.

Lif. Yes, yes, I muſt make a point of that, for my father's ſeverity has hitherto kept me in the ſaddeſt ſubjection in the world; he gives me ſo little liberty that it makes me half mad, and I have a hundred times wiſh'd that he would marry me to any body that I might be out of this conſtraint; thank heaven you come very happily for that end, and I ſhall henceforward prepare to take diverſions, and make up for the time I have loſt; I don't intend to be unreaſonable; I believe what with public amuſements, gaming, viſits, company, treats, walks,

walks, balls, and a ciſceſbeo, I ſhall be pretty well ſatisfied.

I will have my humour, I'll pleaſe all my ſenſes,
I'll neither be ſtinted in love, nor expences;
I'll dreſs with profuſion, I'll game without meaſure,
You ſhall have the bus'neſs, and I'll have the pleaſure.

By every incentive I'll rouſe inclination,
More changing, capricious, and vain, than the faſhion;
In ſhort, I'll take care by the bent of my carriage,
To ſhew you the ſweets and the comforts of marriage.

SCENE VI.

ZERBINO, PANDALFO, *afterwards* LISSETTA *and* FELICIA.

Pan. Well, Zerbino, have you ſeen her?

Zer. Yes, I have ſeen her.

Pan. And what ſort of a reception has ſhe given you?

Zer. Oh, I never was ſo happy in my life! if ſhe could eat gold ſhe ſhould have it; you told me ſhe'd put on her melancholy airs, and I ſhould be frown'd at, and truly it made me a little afraid at firſt. But I never ſaw any thing ſo coming, and ſo good-natur'd in all my life.

Pan. Why, did not ſhe refuſe you?

Zer. Refuſe me! why, bleſs your heart, ſhe's quite in love with me?

Pan. 'Tis impoſſible!

Zer. Impoſſible! what, do you think it impoſſible for any body to be in love with me?

Pan. Oh, no, I don't mean that.

Zer. E'cod, if you did, I believe you'd find yourſelf very much miſtaken.

Pan. Well, well, but explain this matter.

Zer. Why, I can't explain it any more than I have; you deſir'd me to come and make love to your daughter, by that time I had been here five minutes, ſhe was as fond of me as any thing can be; before we parted I gave her *The* WEDDING RING,

RING, and we are to be married to-morrow morning.

Oh how my heart is leaping, and ſkipping,
And bounding, as if from its ſeat 'twould come out
My head is grown giddy, my heels are a tripping,
And all my five ſenſes are put to the rout.

Pan. I hope ſhe's ſincere.
I'll call her again:
Felicia! Felicia! *(Goes off.)*

Liſ. Good Sir, 'tis in vain, *(Coming on.)*
You'll not make her hear.

Zer. The old man, I ſee,
Is as anxious as me.

Liſ. Who call'd me---Zerbino, waſt thee?

Zer. No, Ma'am, 'twas your father.

Liſ. I rather
Had hopes it was you,

Pan. Felicia!

Zer. He's calling you now,

Liſ. Then adieu.

Zer. And why ſo?

Liſ. But a whim,
I'm aſham'd to confeſs my affection to him;
But you, on my truth may for ever rely.

Zer. Was ever a lover ſo happy as I!
Enough, love, enough.

Liſ. Here he comes, I'll ſteal off. *(Goes off.)*

Pan. Where, where, can ſhe be? *(Comes on.)*

Zer. He, he, he, he, he,
She was here, Sir, this minute.

Pan. The deuce muſt be in it!

Zer. 'Tis true, and ſhe told me,
'Twas joy to behold me;
In ſhort, ſhe grows kinder and kinder.

Pan. I muſt and will find her.
Felicia. *(Goes off.)*

Liſ. Zerbino, you'd better be gone; *(Comes on.)*
You'll ſpeak to the prieſt, let me ſee you anon:
Mean time to my father don't mention a word
Where I am.

Zer. I'm not quite ſo abſurd;
'Tis enough you command me!

Liſ. Adieu, then.

Zer. Adieu.
Think kindly of me, I'll think kindly of you.
(LISSETTA *goes off.*)

Zer. I've ſeen her again, Sir.

Pan. I've ſearch'd the houſe round
And can't ſee her,

Zer. 'Tis true,
Nor you won't; but I've no time to waſte:
I'm going on buſineſs requires ſome haſte.

Pan. But you'll come back again!

Zer. Back again---to be ſure.

Pan. Mean time I'll attend you, dear ſon, to the door. *(Go off.)*

Fel. Hold up, my poor heart, (FELICIA *and* LISSETTA *come on*)
What a difficult part,
Liſſetta, you've giv'n me to play.

Liſ. Here, here, take the Ring,
And ſeem every thing
Your father can wiſh, that's the way---
I'll inſure you ſucceſs,
And Hymen ſhall bleſs---

Fel. Huſh, huſh, girl, he's here.

Pan. Felicia, my dear, (*Comes on.*)
Where was you?

Fel. Dear Sir, in my room.

Pan. And have you been kind
To your lover?

Fel. You'll find
That my lover will ſcarcely complain of his doom.

Pan. You've confeſs'd an affection,

Fel. To his care and protection,
Myſelf I would gladly reſign.

Pan. I'm out of my wits!

Liſ. How well the plot hits!

Pan. Was 'ere ſo complying a daughter as mine?
Fel. Was 'ere ſituation ſo cruel as mine?
Fel. Was ever man gull'd like this maſter of mine?

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Scene continues.

PANDALFO, HENRICO, *afterwards* FELICIA *and* LISSETTA.

Pan. Sir, I won't hear a ſingle word more.

Hen. What are your objections?

Pan. Sir, I ſhall keep my objections to myſelf, and you muſt and ſhall be ſatisfied with my refuſing you without telling you why.

Hen. Was ever any thing ſo unreaſonable. But, Sir, if it ſhould ſo happen, that the lady is not averſe to my propoſal, would you ſtill perſiſt in refuſing me?

Pan. I believe, if you ſtay till you get her conſent, your patience will be pretty well exercis'd.

Hen. Will you promiſe me your's, Sir, upon condition that I am ſo fortunate to ſucceed with her?

Pan. Ay, ay, with all my heart; I believe I may very ſecurely make that promiſe.

Hen. Sir, I am the happieſt man in the world!

Pan. What then you really have the modeſty to imagine it practicable?

Hen. Why, yes, Sir, I confeſs I have.

Pan. Then, know to your confuſion, that ſhe has given her conſent to another, and that ſhe wears on her finger, at this minute, a WEDDING RING, in token of her having promiſed to marry him.

Hen. Well, Sir, ſince it is ſo, will you, as the laſt

laſt requeſt I have to make you, allow me to hear a confirmation of this from your daughter?

Pan. What, then you don't believe me?

Hen. I don't abſolutely ſay that; but it would be a ſatisfaction to me, I confeſs, to hear it from the young lady herſelf.

Pan. Oh, Sir, you ſhall have that ſatisfaction in a minute, for here ſhe comes.—Felicia, here's a ſtrange importunate ſort of a gentleman, who has the audacity to expect my conſent to his marriage with you; I told him of the promiſe you made me, and nothing, forſooth, will ſatisfy him but hearing it from your mouth.

Hen. Indeed, Madam, what I heard from your father might well ſurpriſe me, I was in doubt, I own; and that final ſentence, which determines the fate of my unbounded paſſion, muſt be ſo ſenſibly felt by me, that it can be no offence if I deſire a repetition of it.

Fel. Sir, I'd have it known, that fate has preſented two objects to my view, which inſpiring me with different ſentiments, agitate all the paſſions of my ſoul, one, by a reaſonable choice whereto honour engages me——

Pan. And your father's conſent.

Fel. Poſſeſſes all my eſteem and love.

Pan. That's my choice.

Fel. And the other, in return for his affection, has all my anger and averſion.

Pan. That's you.

Fel. To ſee myſelf the wife of one is all my deſire.

Pan. That's my good girl.

Fel. And I'd rather loſe my life than be married to the other.

Pan.

Pan. Pray, Sir, are you contented?

Fel. Sir, he muſt be contented, and if he has the love for me, he pretends, he ought not to repine at his fate.

Hen. Ma'am, ſo far from repining, I admire your ſincerity, and ſhall endeavour to behave in this affair as I ought.

Fel. I know, 'tis highly improper for young women to own their love ſo freely; but in the condition fate has plac'd me, theſe liberties may be allow'd, and I can without a bluſh confeſs, that I have declared my real ſentiments.

Hen. Very well, Ma'am, your meaning's plain enough, I underſtand what 'tis you urge me too, and ſhall remove from your ſight him who gives you this great diſturbance.

Fel. You can't oblige me more agreeably.

Hen. The poor exile, who, leaving his friends and his home,
Leaves more than his life, more than fortune, or fame;
Is doom'd, without hope, thus unpity'd to roam,
His ſuff'rings unmourn'd, and forgotten his name.

But juſtice condemn'd him, his ſentence is paſt,
His fate is pronounc'd, and he muſt be reſign'd;
With fortune he ſtruggles indeed---but at laſt,
To her rigid will, learns to faſhion his mind.

SCENE

SCENE II.

PANDOLFO, FELICIA, *and* LISSETTA.

Pan. Poor young man—a very great proof of his affection indeed——rather than make you unhappy, he bears his own torments without ſeeming to ſuffer any, truly I pity him.

Fel. Indeed, Sir, it's more than I do.

Pan. Nay, but that's too cruel.

Fel. Sir, I aſſure you, if you knew, what my ſentiments are of him, you would not think him ſuch an object of pity.

Pan. Nay, but conſider, he had an affection for you.

Liſ. Very true, Sir, in my opinion, ſhe ought to follow your advice, and not treat him with ſo much ill-nature.

Pan. We don't want you, Ma'am, to give your opinion about it.

Liſ. Lord, Sir, you won't be pleaſed let one talk how one will; did not you ſay, my young lady treated him too cruelly? and would not any body in the world ſay the ſame? is there any compariſon now between him and Signor Zerbino? Oh, Ma'am, your father is perfectly in the right; ſhew more compaſſion to Henrico by all means.

Pan. And who the devil gave you the liberty of adviſing my daughter.

Liſ. Sure, Sir, there's no harm in ſpeaking one's mind; I have ſaid no more than what I actually think of the matter, and you can't do better than firſt of all to marry your daughter to Henrico, and afterwards, as a reward for my faithful ſervices, prevail upon Zerbino to marry me.

Pan. I never heard ſuch a piece of impudence ſince I was born, but I am angry with myſelf for liſtening to it. Felicia, I am going to ſee that Zerbino makes all the neceſſary preparations, and ſhall be with you again in half an hour.

Lif. If that's the caſe, Ma'am, I muſt run ready to break my neck that I may be with him before hand.

Fel. Indeed, Liſſetta, I dread the conſequence of this diſingenuous behaviour.

Lif. Oh, Ma'am, if you don't exert a little ſpirit we are undone: I have taken care to appriſe Henrico of all that's going forward; and poor Zerbino—if he does not repent his gallantry——: I have ſuch a battery to play off againſt him; nay, I'll make both him and your father principal actors in this plot of ours, even without their knowledge.

Fel. I have no doubt of either your talents or good wiſhes for me, Liſſetta, but take care you don't provoke my father.

Lif. Never fear, Ma'am, I have conducted you ſo far on your voyage with ſafety, and I warrant you I am pilot good enough to bring you ſafe to land.

Fel. Heaven ſend it.

Lif. Beſides, who would not run a little riſk for ſo handſome a man as Sig. Henrico?

Fel. Indeed, Liſſetta, he deſerves every thing.

When firſt the youth his fears forſook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What ſweetneſs, was in ev'ry look!
What eloquence, in ev'ry word!

From her whole ſtore, to make me bleſs'd,
Did fortune bid me chooſe;
How gladly would I all the reſt
For love, and him, refuſe,

SCENE

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Zerbino's Houſe.

ZERBINO, HENRICO, *afterwards* LISSETTA.

Hen. Is your name, Zerbino, Sir?

Zer. Yes, Sir, that's my name.

Hen. Then you are the man I was looking for.

Zer. Pray, Sir, what's your buſ'neſs?

Hen. Oh, Sir, I ſhall tell you my buſ'neſs in as brief a manner as poſſible; it ſeems you have made propoſals of marriage to Felicia, Sig. Pandolfo's daughter.

Zer. No, I did not, 'twas her faiher made propoſals to me.

Hen. Well, that no matter, propoſals were made, and pray, Sir, what do you expect as a portion with her?

Zer. Oh, I am to take her without a portion.

Hen. Indeed you are not.

Zer. No?

Hen. No? I am to pay you her portion.

Zer. Are you, and pray what portion are you to pay me?

Hen. I am afraid you won't like it.

Zer. Not like it, why ſo—what is it to be;

Hen. Blows—wounds—and death.

Zer. A very pretty portion indeed; I had rather be without it, I thank you.

Hen. Nay, Sir, don't heſitate, you ſee I am prepar'd to pay you and take the portion, or I'll break off the match.

Zer. You break off the match! for what?

Hen. For what?

Zer. Ay, tell me that?

Hen. Becauſe I am in love with the lady myſelf ——becauſe ſhe returns my paſſion—becauſe—becauſe her father has conſented to our marriage—

Zer. Her father has conſented to your marriage.

Hen. He has, and if you dare even to think of her I'll tear you to atoms.

Zer. And all this is moſt certainly true.

Hen. Death and fire! have you any doubt of it?

Zer. Why, I can't ſay but your arguments are very convincing, and yet now if you would but talk a little cool about this affair——

Hen. Cool! can a man, jealous of his honour, and affronted like me talk cool?——Sir!——

Zer. Sir!

Hen. I have but one ſhort word to ſay to you; renounce all claim to the lady, this inſtant, or tremble at the conſequence.

Zer. Indeed, Sir, you are very haſty; only let me get over my fright a little; I never ſaw you in all my life before, and how do I know but all this may be——

Hen. A lie! I ſuppoſe.

Zer. Oh, no, indeed I did not ſay a lie.

Hen. But you mean't it, and I'll not be trifled with, therefore, if you value your ſafety, do as I command you.

Zer. Oh, I'll do any thing in the world if you will only give me a little breath, and change that terrible countenance; Oh, as ſure as I am alive here comes Felicia herſelf.

Hen. Ah, fond girl, do you follow him to his houſe? by Heav'n! I ſuſpected this, but I will be revenged!

Lif.

Lif. Protect me, Zerbino.

Zer. Oh, I am as much frigten'd at him as you can be.

Hen. You've neither of you cauſe to fear; for you Madam, your infidelity be your puniſhment; and for you, Sir, you are going to puniſh yourſelf; but as I have ſtill ſome regard left for Sig. Pandolfo, I'll take care he ſhall not be made a dupe of, therefore I inſiſt upon your giving this lady your hand, before me, and promiſing to marry her.

Zer. That I will, with all my heart, and ſhall be glad to be friends with you ſo eaſily.

Lif. And as for me, I own, the height of my ambition is to become the wife of Sig. Zerbino.

Hen. I am ſatisfied.

SCENE IV.

ZERBINO, LISSETTA.

Zer. E'cod he frighten'd me devilifhly at firſt, but he has behaved very well upon the whole, has not he?

Lif. I do aſſure you, Zerbino, I am very much in doubt about that: he is a very inſinuating man, and had, before I came out, perſuaded my father into ſuch a plot, that I am afraid we ſhall find a great many difficulties to get over yet.

Zer. Why you ſurpriſe me!

Lif. You muſt know that this cavalier is very well born, and ſays my father to me, ſoon after you went away—you'll pardon me for repeating his words—Zerbino has a great deal of money to be ſure, but then it was all got by rapine and uſury, and to ſay truth, he is little better than ſprung from a dunghill: now I have been conſidering this, and am come to an abſolute reſolution not to let you marry him.

Zer. Your father ſay this!

Lif.

Liſ. Theſe very words—I was thunder ſtruck at them, as you may well gueſs; and for heaven's ſake, dear Sir, ſaid I, with tears in my eyes, why would you let me ſee and converſe with him? why would you let me liſten to his inſinuating addreſſes, which have won my affections, and made it impoſſible for me to obey you?

Zer. Dear, kind creature!—well, what did he ſay to that?

Liſ. Oh, he continued unmov'd; ſays he—in a more reſolute tone than ever I heard him ſpeak to me in my life—you muſt conquer your affections; I have heard of a gentleman well born, and nearly related to the Doge of Venice, and am ſo aſhamed that I never thought of this man for my ſon-in-law, that I ſhan't be content with merely marrying you to my friend Henrico, but you muſt conſent to puniſh Zerbino for having preſum'd to think of you.

Zer. To puniſh me! and pray how does he mean to do that?

Liſ. I am almoſt aſham'd to tell you.

Zer. Oh, I beg of you to tell me.

Liſ. Why he intends—to trap you into marriage with my maid.

Zer. With your maid!

Liſ. With my maid: he is to paſs her upon you for me when you come to our houſe; and as a proof of what I tell you, he forc'd from me that Ring you were ſo gallant ro preſent me with, and gave it to her the better to carry on his ſcheme.

Zer. What a deceitful world this is!

Liſ. To be ſure ſhe is a relation of ours, and every body thinks her a very ſmart girl—but I'll aſſure the minx—to pretend to my lover.

Zer. Ay, indeed—but ſuppoſe we were to go

and

and be married directly, that you know would put an end to every thing.

Lif. It muſt not be; I would not have my father think I am ſo afraid of him, therefore come at the time you intended, and I'll warrant every thing ſhall go as I'd have it.

Zer. Oh, you may depend upon me.

Lif. My father is coming to you preſently, and I would adviſe you to tell him all this, only don't ſay how you came to know it.

Zer. Yes, yes, I'll tell him.

Lif. Good b'ye, Zerbino.

Zer. Well, but Felicia.

Lif. What do you ſay?

Zer. Won't you give me one kiſs before you go?

Lif. Lord, how can you aſk ſuch a thing?

Zer. You muſt indeed. *(kiſſes her.)*

Lif. You impudent man you!
Nay, prithee, how can you?
Indeed, I'll aſſure you,
Will nothing then cure you?---
Nay, now I declare I ſhall never endure you.

You teaze one to death,
I'm quite out of breath,
I hate and abhor this horſe-play;
Beſides, 'tis not right,
To ſee one this fright,
Lord, what do you think folks will ſay?

I own too much room,
You have had to preſume,
Or you ne'er with theſe freedoms would teaze me;
For though they might pleaſe me,
And with patience I bore 'em;
Yet at leaſt in one's carriage,
On this ſide of marriage!
One ought to keep up a decorum.

SCENE V.

ZERBINO and PANDOLFO.

Zer. How violently ſhe loves me—Well done Sig. Pandolfo—Who would have believed it—Here he comes—I'll ſeem melancholy.

Pan. Well, Zerbino, I could not bear my Impatience, ſo I came that we may conclude this buſineſs as ſoon as poſſible.

Zer. Yes, you ſeem rather in a hurry, indeed.

Pan. How happy ſhall I be when I once ſee you married!

Zer. To your daughter's maid—I'm very much oblig'd to you.

Pan. What's the matter, Zerbino? You look dull.

Zer. No, not at all, I was only thinking what a ſtrange ſort of a world this is.

Pan. Why what complaint can you have againſt the world? Has any one done you an ill office?

Zer. How his conſcience flies in his face. Why I can't ſay but I have been rather ill treated.

Pan. Ay—How?

Zer. You ſhall judge. Do you know one Sig. Henrico?

Pan. Yes, I know him very well. Has he treated you ill?

Zer. He's well born I believe.

Pan. Yes, yes, he's well born; he is related to the Doge of Venice.

Zer. The very words Felicia told me; and he has made propoſals to marry your daughter, has not he?

Pan.

Pan. I thought that was coming. Why how came you to know it?

Zer. Oh, a friend informed me; and I'll tell you what I have been thinking of Signior Pandolfo, that for all I have a great deal of money, ſince it was got by rapine and uſury, and ſince I am little better than ſprung from a dunghill, I ought not to aſpire to the honour of being your ſon-in-law.

Pan. You aſtoniſh me very much by this diſcourſe.

Zer. I am ſure I don't know why you ſhould be aſtoniſhed about it.

Pan. What does it tend to?

Zer. You don't know I ſuppoſe.

Pan. How ſhould I unleſs you tell me?

Zer. Why then I'll diſguiſe it no longer—'Tis you have uſed me ill; the ſame friend that told me Sig. Henrico wanted to marry Felicia, told me you had conſented to it, and that you was determined to puniſh me for preſuming to think of her, and a great deal more.

Pan. Was there ever ſuch a ſtrange parcel of ſtuff heard of?

Zer. Well, let it be ever ſo ſtrange, you don't contradict it I find.

Pan. Zerbino, I ſhould not bear ſuch an Imputation ſo eaſily if I was certain you had been impoſed upon; I ſuppoſe this is ſome contrivance of my daughter and her maid.

Zer. The maid indeed may have ſome hand it, but I am ſure it's no contrivance of your daughter's.

Pan. Well, let the contrivance be whoſe it will, I'm determin'd to have it explain'd.

Zer. I'll tell you how it may be very eaſily explain'd.

Pan. How?

Zer. Why let us all come face to face.

Pan. With all my heart, I don't care how soon; and when we do, I'm sure you will find these women at the bottom of it.

Of woman to tell you my mind,
And I speak from the experience I've had,
Not two out of fifty you'll find,
Be they daughters or wives,
But are plagues of our lives,
And enough to make any man mad.

The wrong and the right,
Being set in their sight,
They're sure to take hold of the wrong;
They'll cajole and they'll whimper,
They'll whine, and they'll snivel,
They'll coax, and they'll simper—
In short, they're the devil;
And so there's an end of my song.

SCENE VI.

ZERBINO.

I never saw such a turn in my life—Ah, Sig. Pandolfo, you did not know what you was setting your wit to—how soon I found him out—and how nettled he was—as if I would not believe Felicia sooner than him—I don't wonder now at this fine blustering spark's coming so soon to himself, when he knew he was so secure of the father—and this after all is the regard he pays to the memory of his old friend; in the morning he was dining

that in my ears, and how much he ſhould be obliged to me; and when the notary was reading over all the liſt of my eſtates, tenements, valleys, houſes, barns, mortgages and ſtocks, I could have betted 'em all to a ſingle piaſtre, that if the Doge of Venice himſelf had offered to have been his ſon-in-law, he would have refuſ'd him for me; and now to uſe me in this manner. I am very much deceiv'd if he doos not repent it—what the deuce does he want to make of me—

Can ſuch uſage be borne?
Indeed---I'll be ſworn,
He fancies to make me a tool;
A lacquey, an aſs,
But I'll not let it paſs,
No, no, I'm not quite ſuch a fool.

'Tis all in my head, and no longer I'll ſtay,
But go and ſee how the nail drives;
If I find he deſires to be friends,
And ſtrives
For this conduct to make ſome amends,
Not a ſyllable have I to ſay:
But if he thinks
To palm on me this minx,
Whoſe ſtory's, I warrant, well taught her---
Lord, how I will uſe him!
I'll ſcold him, revile him, reproach and abuſe him,
And then run away with his daughter.

SCENE THE LAST.

A large ſaloon in Pandolfo's houſe, with folding doors on each ſide, which being thrown open, diſcover two different views of Venice.

HENRICO, FELICIA, LISSETTA, *afterwards* PANDOLFO, *after him* ZERBINO, *and then* HENRICO *again, who comes forward, after having concealed himſelf.*

Fel. Oh, Henrico, what have you perſuaded me too? I tremble to think how my father will be inſenc'd when he finds we have impos'd upon him.

Hen. I can't ſee that we have any great danger to apprehend; he voluntarily gave me his promiſe to day, that I ſhou'd marry you if you did not object to it.

Liſ. So he did, I overheard him; and if I had not, I'd ſay I had, if there was a neceſſity for it.

Hen. Beſides, when he ſees this Zerbino make himſelf ſo ridiculous——

Liſ. Which, thanks to my ingenuity, he will very ſhortly.

Hen. I then have no doubt but every thing will go in our favour.

Fel. The very thing you build upon I am afraid of.

Hen. Well, but my dear Felicia, you have gone on thus far chearfully, and now you drop.

Fel. Conſider what I hazard, I may loſe my father's affection, that's all I fear, and you ſhould not blame me; for if I am not capable of diſcharging

charging my duty as a daughter, what ſecurity can you have for my making you a good wife?

Liſ. That's all very true Ma'am, but its nothing to the bus'neſs in hand, we muſt to our poſts; for my part I know well enough what I have to do; you, Sig. Henrico, muſt get into your old hiding place; and do you Ma'am look as prim and as demure as if you knew nothing of what's going forward.

Hen. The merchants that with weary toiling,
Are India of its treaſure ſpoiling,
Well might indeed their traffic prize;
If rubies, pearls, and ſaphires they could find,
Like your dear lips, your teeth, your eyes,
Or orient gold as precious as your mind.

Fol. A thouſand cruel doubts diſtreſs me,
On every ſide they thronging preſs me,
I fear,
I know not why;
And though, Henrico, thou art near,
I tremble, droop, and ſigh.

Hen Ah, ceaſe! ah, ceaſe! by heav'n I vow,
'Till life be paſt,
My love ſhall laſt,
As pure as now.

Fol. Then wherefore this pain,
Why ſhould I complain?

Both. Love befriending,
Joy attending,
On all our hopes ſhall ſmile;
In thee my love delighting,
Requited, and requiting,
Each night, and day,
That rowls away,
With pleaſure we'll beguile.

Pan

Pan. Felicia, what can be the meaning of a ſtrange ſtory I have heard from Zerbino?

Fel. Nay, Sir, how ſhould I know?

Pan. I am convinc'd he could not mean to impoſe upon me, and yet, upon reflection, I hardly think you could have been guilty of ſo much duplicity at the very time I had every reaſon in the world to believe you was perfectly obedient to my will.

Fel. Let me underſtand you, Sir.

Pan. It does not ſignify repeating the matter, he'll be here in a few minutes himſelf, and then—Oh, here he comes—Zerbino, I am glad to ſee you; let us now clear up this affair; you ſay you was informed that I intended to refuſe you my daughter, and give her to Sig. Henrico.

Zer. I was.

Pal. Will you be content if I give her to you now, and call in friends to witneſs it?

Zer. I don't deſire any better.

Pal. Then take her hand, and I hope you'll both be happy.

Zer. Sig. Pandolfo, I did not think you was capable of uſing me ſo ill.

Pan. Why, is the man mad?

Zer. No, Sir, I am not mad, nor ſuch a fool as you think me; I find it's all true, and perhaps you may repent it.

Pan. Repent, what?

Zer. Why offering me your daughter's maid. Do you think I can't ſee ſhe's dizen'd out that way on purpoſe?

Pan. Why Fool—Ideot—

Lif. Oh you have found it out, have you!

Pan. What would you have?

Zer. Why I would have you keep your promiſe of marrying me to your daughter; here ſhe ſtands

by

by me, frightened out of her wits, and poor ſoul! I don't wonder it.

Pan. My daughter! that's her maid.

Zer. I knew well enough you would ſay ſo; but your daughter, or not your daughter, I'll marry her, and no body elſe.

Pan. Why I tell you you are impoſed upon.

Zer. If I am, 'tis by no body but you, and you are only mad that your ſcheme did not take.

Pan. Was ever man thus abus'd! I could find in my heart to let him continue in his ignorance, to puniſh him.

Liſ. Don't ſpoil a poor girl's fortune, Sir; you ſee he does not deſerve your daughter, beſtow her then on Henrico.

Pan. I thank you for the hint; I made him a kind of promiſe this afternoon, and I declare if he was here I'd give him her hand this moment.

Hen. Sir, I'd take you at your word, and hope you'll never have cauſe to repent your promiſe.

Fel. And can you, Sir, forgive my having deceiv'd you?

Pan. Felicia, you have not deceived me more than I have deceiv'd myſelf; I therefore not only forgive you, but confeſs I was rightly ſerv'd for oppoſing your inclinations.

Liſ. And now I drop my diſguiſe. I aſſum'd the character of my young lady to prevent you, Sig. Zerbino, from interrupting her happineſs, it has anſwer'd my end and I am ſufficiently rewarded.

Hen. Come, come, Liſſetta, you are too diffident, this gentleman made a promiſe to marry you before me.

Zer. I made a promiſe to marry her before you?

Hen.

Hen. Sir, you know you did.

Zer. Well then, if I did, I'll tell you what—I'll keep it—she has wit enough in all conscience, and she ought to be made a gentlewoman of; and as for money, I have enough for us both, so let's have no more misunderstandings, but for the future be all friends——what d'ye say?

Pan. I accept your proposal with pleasure; since things have turn'd out in this manner, and Lissetta, is in some sort a relation of mine, my friendship and countenance you may command upon all occasions: for my part I am perfectly convinc'd, that two young people who have an affection for each other are able to baffle all the precaution in the world. And for the future, I wou'd no more attempt to oppose the decrees of love than I wou'd the decrees of fate.

Pan. As light'ning shoots from place to place,
Which through the clouds we wond'ring trace,
Or darts a beam from Phœbus' face,
Whose flight no eye discovers;
Or from the moon a silver ray,
Will, glittering, on a river play;
So pointed arrows wing their way,
To wound the heart of lovers.

Lis. I am your voucher, here's the pair,
But trust me they may thank my care;
Remember, Sir, the carrier,
Who, praying, did endeavour
To help his team along the road,
Cries out, this time is ill bestow'd;
Friend, clap your shoulders to the load,
Or you'll stay here for ever.

Hen.

Hen. What will you ſay in excuſe?
Your maxims are in little uſe;
Too oft we find 'tis wealth profuſe
The female heart bewitches;
But you, an inſtance rare, remove
The ſhameful prejudice; and prove,
Though riches, moſt, prefer to love,
Some love, prefer, to riches.

Fal. Zerbino, take your Wedding Ring,
Of ſerious, ſacred uſe----a thing
That us'd, or well, or ill, will bring
To mortals joy or ſorrow:
It ſav'd us both to day---ah, think,
From a rude precipice's brink,
Where, plunging, we were ſure to ſink
In miſery to-morrow.

Zer. I ſee it, and the Ring once more
To its right owner thus reſtore;
By whom 'twas won, it ſhould be wore,
Truſt me I'll prove no rover;
And now if fortune kindly ſends,
That we have pleas'd theſe beſt of friends,
I've gain'd my moſt ambitious ends,
And all my cares are over.

THE END.

THE WEDDING RING.

Mrs. What will you say in verse?
Your musings are in little use;
'Tis oft we find 'tis vanity proves
The fickle heart betwixt lovers;
But you, in balance rate, remove
The dianetal triple-like; and prove,
Though riches, rank, pre-eminence,
Some love, praise, to please.

1st. Certain, by your wedding ring,
Of fealties, love—a sting
That by't, or ruin, or ill, will bring
To ruin, by or pride:
It love be such to day—to-morrow,
From a rare prize a trifle,
Where, plighting, we vow this to do
In spite, re-mirror.

2nd. I see it, and the Ring once more
To his sight over thine before;
By whom 'twas worn, it would be wore,
The ring the ill proves us true;
And now if it prove
That we have pledged love to change,
Prove not our real sentiment true,
And all by vows we swore.

THE END.